thing. He is politely amazed that I leave the Pacific.

In some such way I am aware of the spirit of Tahiti.

But I leave, and I shall not come back. For the last time I shall see the sun set in all its indescribable unearthly beauty behind Moorea. Reflecting that there is nothing else like it in this world and very probably nothing in the next, I shall turn from the smell of the lagoons and the scarlet of the flamboyants and the far green slopes to the upholstered saloon and the chatter of passengers and the mail steamer's dinner. But I am under no delusion. It is I that have been tried and found wanting. It is I that am outcast for ever from the real Tahiti and dare not insult her again by my return. Here the veil of reality between this world and the true is thin, thin indeed, and here one may catch a whisper as one listens, or may glimpse the start of a wing. I have

suspected it in many places, but known it in none so much as here. And therefore here I have learned the bitter truth. I belong to " the harshness and hideous sights, and ugly people, and civilisation, and